

"Rebel Of The Underground" lyrics

2Pac Lyrics

"Rebel Of The Underground"

(from "Resurrection" soundtrack)

Rebel... rebel

Rebel

Rebel... rebel

They just can't stand the reign, or the occasional pain
From a man like me, who goes against the grain
Sometimes I do it in vain
So with a little bass and treble
Hey mister, it's time for me to explain that I'm the rebel
Cold as the devil
Straight from the underground, the rebel, a lower level
They came to see the maniac psychopath
The critics heard of me, and the aftermath
I don't give a damn and it shows
And when I do a stage show I wear street clothes
So they all know me
The lyrical lunatic, the maniac MC
I give a shout out to your homies
And maybe then, the critics'll leave your boy alone, G
On the streets or on TV
It just don't pay to be, a truth tellin' MC
They won't be happy 'til I'm banned
The most dangerous weapon: an educated black man
So point blank in your face
Pump up the bass, and join the human race
I throw peace to the Bay
Cause from The Jungle to Oaktown, they backin' me up all the way
You know you gotta love the sound
It's from the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel

Rebel of the underground

[4x]

Now I'm face to face with the devils
Cause they breedin' more rebels than the whole damn ghetto
And police brutality
Shit, it put you in the nip and call it technicality
So you reap what you sow
So reap the wrath of the rebel, jackin' 'em up once mo'
Now the fox is in the henhouse
Creepin' up on your daughter while you sleep I got her sneakin' out
2Pac ain't nothin' nice, I'll be nothin' how I wanna
And doin' what I'm gonna
Now I'm up to no good
The mastermind of mischief movin' more than most could

So sit and slip into the sound
Peep the rebel - the rebel of the underground

Rebel, he's a rebel
Rebel of the underground
[4x]

They say they hate me, they wanna hold me down
I guess they scared of the rebel - the rebel of the underground
But I never let it get me
I just make another record 'bout the punks tryin' to sweat me
In fact, they tryin' to keep me out
Try to censor what I say
Cause they don't like what I'm talkin' 'bout
So what's wrong with the media today
Got brothers sellin' out cause they greedy to get paid
But me, I'm comin' from the soul
And if it don't go gold, my story still gettin' told
And that way they can't stop me
And if it sells a couple of copies, the punks'll try to copy
It's sloppy, don't even try to
I'm a slave to the rhythm, and I'm about to fly through
So, yo, to the people in the ghetto
When ya hear the bass flow, go ahead and let go
Now everybody wanna gangbang
They talkin' street slang, but the punks still can't hang
They makin' records 'bout violence
But when it comes to the real, some brothers go silent
It kinda make you wanna think about
That ya gotta do some sellin' out, just to get your record out
But 2Pacalypse is straight down
So feel the wrath of the rebel - the rebel of the underground

2Pac is a rebel
Rebel of the underground
[8x]

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